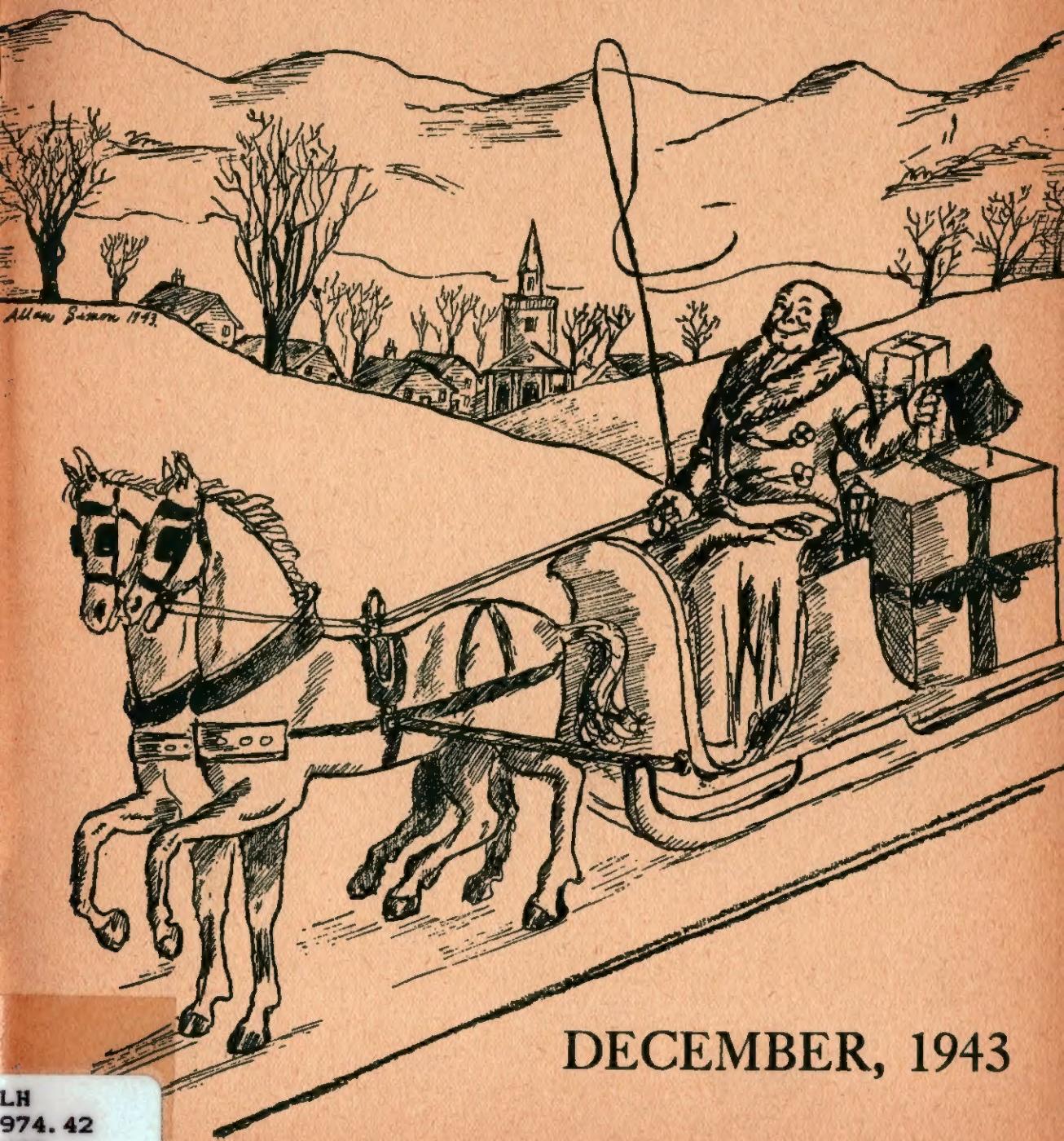


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The Student's Pen



DECEMBER, 1943

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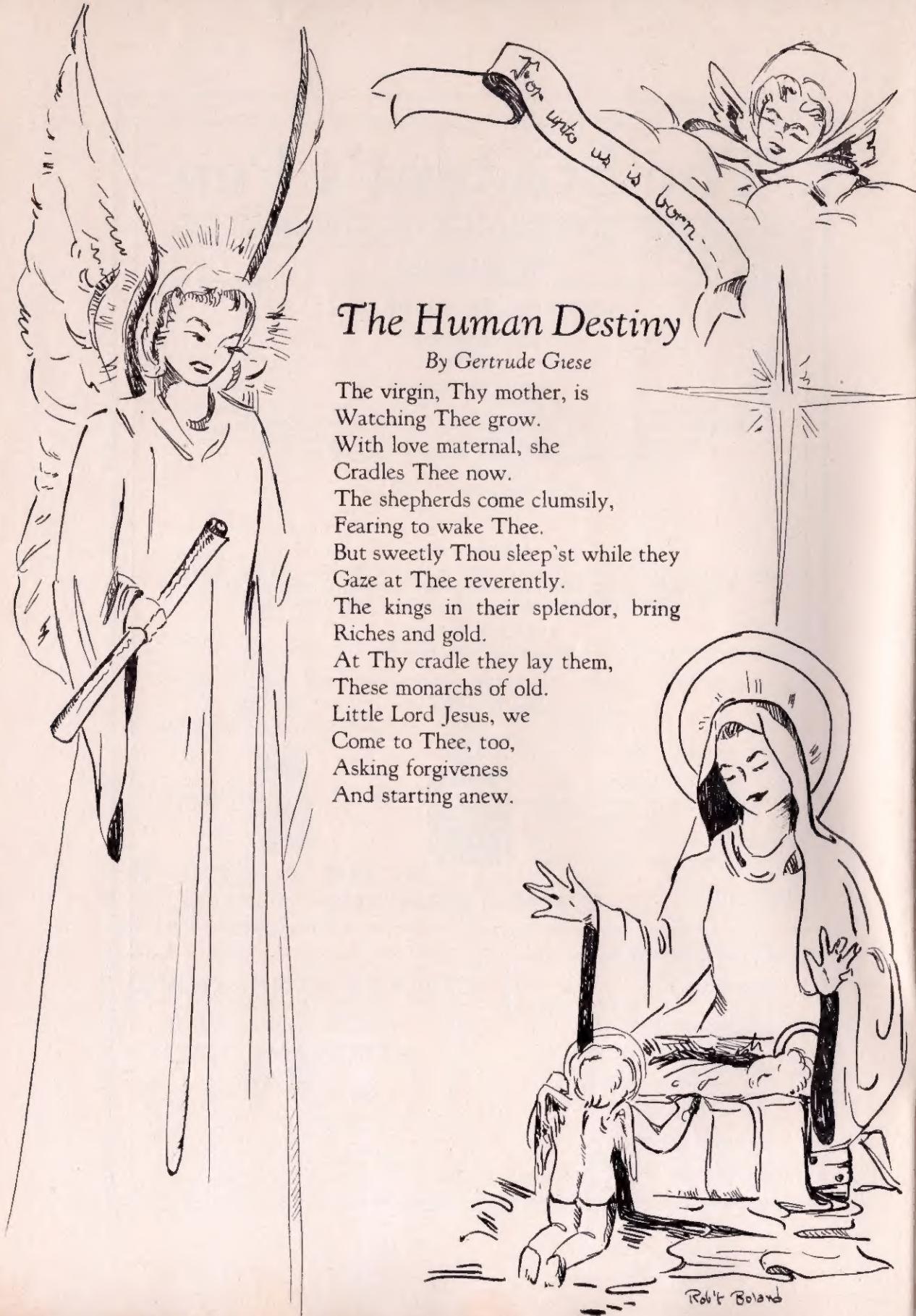
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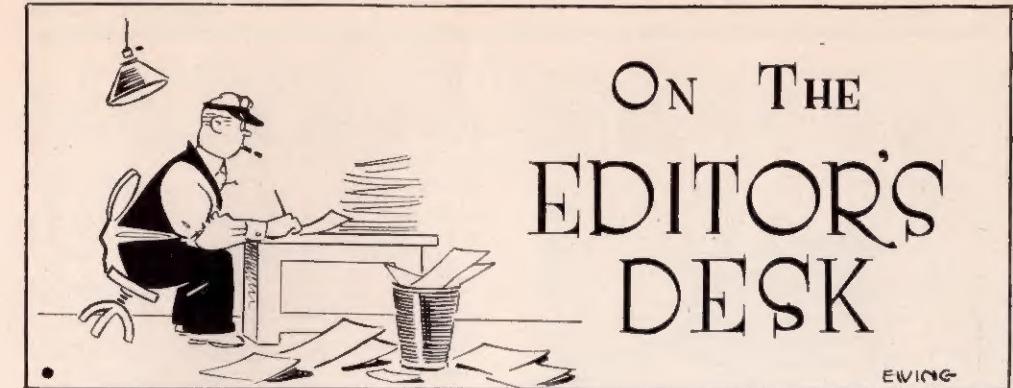


The Human Destiny

By Gertrude Giese

The virgin, Thy mother, is
Watching Thee grow.
With love maternal, she
Cradles Thee now.
The shepherds come clumsily,
Fearing to wake Thee.
But sweetly Thou sleep'st while they
Gaze at Thee reverently.
The kings in their splendor, bring
Riches and gold.
At Thy cradle they lay them,
These monarchs of old.
Little Lord Jesus, we
Come to Thee, too,
Asking forgiveness
And starting anew.

Robt Boland



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

EWING

The Christmas Star Still Shines

By Paul Perry

AS Christmas Day, 1943, approaches, there are many who feel a deep concern about world conditions.

"How can we celebrate Christmas in a world gone mad?" they ask. "How can we think of Yuletide when everywhere men are thinking of war?"

This attitude is not difficult to understand. On every hand we hear tales of bloodshed and horror. It seems as if there is nothing left to which we can cling for support. But when we think of Christmas as we should, we realize that it is not just a day of merriment and gift-giving. It is the inspiration and hope of a war-torn world.

Almost two thousand years ago, a radiant star shone down on a wondrous miracle, the birth of the Christ Child. Shepherds and kings alike bowed before that cradle. To them on that first Christmas came the greeting of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." That greeting has grown in importance until it has become the dream of all peoples. Through nineteen turbulent cen-

turies, torn by strife and turmoil and stained with the blood of millions, it has continued to live on in the minds of men, an ideal which cannot be destroyed.

As our soldiers go off to war, they are motivated, not by a love of conquest, but by the spiritual ideals of justice and freedom, and the eternal brotherhood of man. The angels' message is still in their hearts, and their one desire is to finish this terrible war and once more live at peace with their fellowmen in a world free from fear and persecution.

Despite the violence, the devastation, the shriek and roar of guns that make the world hideous, the Christmas Star still shines with a radiance undimmed by centuries. It still expresses the changeless ideals of peace and joy and brotherhood which have been the hope of mankind for countless generations. And it is to the Christmas Star that we can turn for consolation in a chaotic world—a world which will some day be better and purer. In the meantime we must keep our faith clear and strong.



FLYING AGAIN

By Mildred Nigrelli

The student body of P. H. S. has redeemed itself for losing the Minute Man Flag in October by raising the percentage of stamp sales in November to 90% or better. Thirty-one rooms reached the 100% mark, and seven others were above ninety percent. To them, we say, "Keep up the good work."

When we first received the Minute Man Flag almost a year ago, we were proud as well as anxious to help keep it flying. Last month was the first time we failed to do this. Let's not permit this to happen again. Don't take the let-George-do-it attitude. We all must pitch in to make the 90% average.

Starting now, let us redeem ourselves in full by making our home rooms not just 90% every month, but 100%, that we may proudly display the Minute Man Flag every month of the year.

FIGURES WORTH LOOKING AT

The year's record for sales of War Savings Stamps and Bonds from January, 1943, to December 15, 1943, is as follows:

January	\$9,150.00
February	4,825.70
March	5,454.35
April	10,278.35
May	3,836.65
June	3,393.55
September	8,625.00
October	4,462.10
November	2,521.40
To December 15	3,108.00
Total	\$55,655.10

DECEMBER RECORD

As *THE STUDENT'S PEN* goes to press for December, the record of War Stamp sales is incomplete. There are still three more days on which stamps will be sold, and we anticipate a big rush to buy "the Christmas present with a future."

To date, December 15, the following rooms have sales of 100% for December: 9B, 103, 104, 105, 107, 110, 137, 138, 140, 141, 142, 143, 145, 147, 148, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 212, 233, 236, 238, 240, 241, 242, 243, 302, 305, 333, 335, 341, 344, 101, 149.

There are seven rooms which have not yet reached 100%, but several of these are already above 90% and will go over the top before Christmas.

Rooms 9B, 147, 148, 202, and 203 were tied for the Room Leader flag, and the Student Stamp Committee will decide to which room it should be awarded.

PEARL HARBOR DAY

Once more the resilience of the democratic way was shown by the response the teachers and pupils of P. H. S. made to a late bulletin requesting the sale of war stamps in memory of Pearl Harbor Day.

Since there was no advance notice of a stamp sale on that day it was impossible to attain 100%. However, the percentage we did reach deserves recognition and congratulations to the teachers and pupils who on a moment's notice bought enough stamps to prove that P. H. S. is worthy of the "Minute Man Flag."

The Stamp and Bond Sales on December 7, 1943 totalled \$294.95.

Christmas a la Guerre

By Lois Burke

IT has been said that this year, because of war, much of the usual Christmas spirit of cheer and generosity will be lacking, and, consequently, that "the greatest of holidays" will be marked in rather a gloomy fashion by Allied countries the world over.

This, it seems to me, is just the kind of statement that a despicable pessimist or a verbal saboteur might make. Its purpose could only be to lower the morale of United States civilians—something that's hard to do.

Granted that the war and its effects have brought inconvenience to many families and sorrow to many hearts in America. Yet, doesn't trouble serve, also, to bind us closer together? And in the closeness and neighborliness of man lies the very core of Christmas spirit.

For many years now, too large a number of us have taken December twenty-fifth for granted—or at least the spiritual side of it. Presents and parties have been the only things that mattered. The boys and girls came home from college; relatives from a distance arrived in their cars to spend the day; everyone got together; eats were plentiful, and so was fun.

That's all over for awhile. Boys who would have been in college are in the service, and vacations don't come so freely from that quarter. There won't be so many parties or visitors, either. Rationing takes care of that. All in all, the hilarious spirit of excitement and rejoicing won't be as strong or as widespread as heretofore.

This is unfortunate in one way, and fortunate in another. Maybe, with a lack of festivities, with dear ones absent, we'll get a chance to look at the real side of Christmas—that side which is so often turned into the background.

There is no room here to repeat the whole Christmas story. Nor is there need. It is a familiar tale. But there is one part of it which we would do well to consider more closely. The angels sang, "Peace on the earth; good will toward men!" Well, that's still the real spirit of Yuletide, and let's not forget it. Peace we do not have, and it may be a long way off. But good will is any one's gift and we shouldn't hesitate to bestow it.

"Good will toward men" isn't half so high and righteous as it may sound, and it's a very pleasant quality to have all the time. Here are a few pointers that will help you acquire it. (1) Keep a smile on your face,—smiles are catching. (2) Don't be hurt when someone jumps on you—tense nerves and quick-flaring tempers are common these days; just take it on the chin with no hard feelings. (3) Overlook bad points (everyone has them) and concentrate on people's good qualities,—which are usually just as numerous. (4) If you think you have troubles, look at some of the things going on around you, and perhaps your troubles won't seem so bad after all. (5) Don't crab about rationing and the like—some hundred million other folks are in the same boat, and having just as difficult a time. (6) Last but not least—don't let hard times get you down. Set yourself a standard and live up to it. When this fight's finished, we'll have peace again—and the world will have no place for fluttery or undeveloped brains.

You see? It's not so hard to be Christmasspirited after all. In fact, it's a lot easier than being grumpy and down in the dumps all the time. How about it? Keep smiling and in a good humor, and who knows? We might have Christmas all year round!

The Last Run

By John Kelley

JOE accepted his fate with no sign of hysteria or agitation. He was going to die—there was no escape. His body was racked with pain, and it quivered with the fever that gripped him; yet, although his whole being was in turmoil, he gazed unfalteringly into Death's eyes and waited with no feelings of regret.

It had been a mere sixteen months before, that Joe had started on the way of life that had finally brought him to this tortuous abode in the sweltering, steaming jungle. Yes, only sixteen months ago he had been jerking sodas for Sol Zookerman in Greenhill. The fountain used to be chief gathering place for most of his gang, and it was there the fellows had congregated nightly, often to hear of the exploits of the Americans who had courted peril for adventure's sake. "For God and country," they were told, but it was mostly the realization that in foreign lands they would find assignments demanding daring and courage that had propelled them on the path to everlasting fame. These tales instilled in Joe a craving that only glorious battle could satisfy.

Daily this lust had grown until, like a leech, it possessed his soul, and Joe, overwhelmed by the phantom which beckoned with the radiant light of future glory, dropped his ice cream scoop and milk shaker. His insatiable desire led him to easy conquest of the flight schools, and in seemingly no time at all, he donned silver wings and was ordered to the Orient.

Joe looked down at his chest, now stained with blood, where his two medals reflected the early dawn light. They represented so much, those emblems of victory,—an enemy transport plane falling in flames, with screaming yellow bodies hurtling to the ground; three flimsy Zeros shattering like brittle pretzels when his clever slips and rolls

brought him into position on their tails. Yes, truly those medals represented all that he had dreamed of—all that he was dying for. He hadn't seen the plane that got him. It was better that way. He had come hurtling down through space, a burning agony tearing at his chest; and now, he lay alone and dying in this green hell. Funny how one's mind wanders at a time like this. He could distinctly hear fat, noisy Mrs. Rackstein calling for her daily cherry frost.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

By Robert M. Boland

I dreamt last night of Christmas
Of the family round the tree
And somehow at times, I felt
They also dreamt of me.
I saw my mother there last night
She was calm and so serene
Almost like an angel
From some quaint old Christmas scene.
A single star was shining
And bells were ringing clear
And I heard the angels' voices
Sing of great and gladsome cheer.
I saw a gentle mother
In Bethlehem afar
A tiny babe lay new and warm
In a cradle 'neath the star.
And then a shadow crossed my path
O'er the thousand miles between
I saw a tear in mother's eye
And a sadder Christmas scene.
A soldier lay beneath the stars
Dead in a foreign land
A small white cross is all that marked
His place beneath the sand.
Some day again a star will shine
And we'll hear the angels sing
The world about, the bells ring out
In the peace that Christmas brings.

December, 1943

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Christmas--1943

By Gloria Goldsmith

THE crowd moved into the square, and there was a low murmur of voices in the air. Ahead of them on the City Hall, they could see a Christmas wreath on the heavy door. A young girl whose eyes were stronger than the eyes of her grandmother, whispered loudly, "See, see that. A wreath."

"Who has died?" asked the old woman.

"No, no, grandmother. It is a green wreath for Christmas."

A tired professor, standing near the couple, turned his coat collar up around his neck and thought of the days when there were green holiday wreaths on everyone's door. And remembering the old woman's question, he recalled the black wreath on his own door. A wreath for a soldier of the invincible army that was dying in Russia. Hang a wreath on the German Reich!

The low murmur grew, and the officers in the City Hall knew the hungry cries of the thousands that were tired of war.

"I heard that sound once in 1918 before the Armistice," said the Colonel.

"Can you be implying, sir, that we are in the same position that we were in in the last war?" asked a young lieutenant.

The Colonel, recognizing the arrogant look of disbelief on the boy's face, replied, "Perhaps we hadn't been starving quite so long, then."

Outside, a young child collapsed in the cold, and his mother cried out for help.

"Take him home where there is heat," said a voice.

"Give him some food," said another.

"My home was hit last night in the raid. I have neither home nor food," replied the woman slowly. She stooped down over the thin, blue child that was her son. "I don't know what to do."



"Perhaps the Colonel will care for him," said a lean young man, who was a student of geopolitics at the university.

"Quiet! Keep your cynical jokes to yourself."

The woman began to cry, and all those near her were afraid, and could offer no advice. Through the crowd, pushed a man with sad eyes, who called out. "Let me help you," he said. "I can take care of him."

The woman looked up into the face of the man beside her and drew comfort from his kind voice. The man stooped over and picked the child up.

"It is too late. The child has died."

The mother stood silently—stunned. "Perhaps he has never been alive" she said. "What shall I do? I have not even a place to bury him."

"I will take care of him, if you will trust me."

The German Frau looked into the eyes of the man beside her. "I will trust you," she said.

The man looked down at the boy in his arms and then at the green wreath hanging beneath a swastika on the door of the City Hall. He walked away with the dead child in his arms.

"Who was he?" asked a young girl.

"I am not quite sure. I think I've seen him before."

"He was a Jew," said the professor.

* * * * *

The snow beneath his feet crunched nosily. Duncan pushed his hands deeper into his pockets. The heavy sky was dark, and clouds covered the stars. The hills were barren, and the glittering lights that sparkled in the snow were not friendly.

Duncan was swept with a great, surging loneliness—a desire to mix with the people rose in him. That chance had come today when the messenger arrived with the news of the meeting on the hill. Suddenly, he saw a man ahead of him. He quickened his step and reached the man's side. "Hello there, friend," he said cheerfully.

The man looked at him, startled. "Why, hello, I thought I was all alone."

"Do you mind?—Cold night, isn't it?" The man did not answer and Duncan looked closely at his companion. He was past his first youth, with hair graying around the temples, and sad, brown eyes. His mouth was firm and gentle, and his hands were strong.

"Where are you headed?" he asked.

"To a meeting beyond the hill."

"Me, too," said Duncan. He continued, "What is it for? Do you know?"

"It is for all people. Meetings are being held spontaneously all over the world tonight. Even in Europe."

"Must have good organizers."

"We have a good organization."



"Look," said Duncan, pointing, "There are others coming, too. Why hundreds of people! I had no idea so many would be there."

"We have planned it for years. Such a gathering hasn't been held for nearly two thousand years. It is a very important meeting."

Duncan smiled, "It must be. Forgive me for sounding skeptical. It just is very unusual. But anything out of the usual in this plundered and ravaged world will be a salvation."

His companion stopped and extended his hand. "I have to hurry along. I'll see you there." He pressed his hand hard upon Duncan's, and Duncan felt a deep scar in the palm of the man's hand.

"Good luck." Duncan stared after the man who soon was lost in the throng. Duncan moved on slowly, and the others reached the hill before he did. He could see the light of their camp fire, and hear their voices singing "O, Come All Ye Faithful". He looked up into the sky. The clouds had cleared, and there was a star in the east.

December, 1943

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Santa On a Park Bench

By Paul Feldman

THERE I was just sitting in the park minding my own business when up strolled this fat old man who sat down next to me. He was dressed shabbily and his beard needed trimming. "Just an old beggar," I thought.

"Well," the old guy said, "nice out, isn't it?"

"Yeah," I answered. "It's mighty nice out for so near Christmas."

"Mighty nice, yes, mighty nice indeed."

Then we stopped talking for a while. The old boy certainly looked like a beggar—cherry nose, bewhiskered face, and red flannel shirt showing through his unbuttoned overcoat. Pretty soon he started talking to me again in a deep, quiet voice.

"What's Santa Claus getting for you this Christmas?"

"Nothing, as usual, I suppose." I must have sounded pretty glum when I said that because the old timer picked me right up on it.

"So Santa's been ignoring you! What a shame!"

For a man of his age he talked awfully silly. I decided to humor him.

"And how has Santa been to you, mister?" I asked sweetly.

"Oh, can't complain, can't complain," he answered, laughing like blazes.

"I dunno," I said, "I guess I just ain't lucky. I never get anything."

"Do you work for it?"

"For what?"

"For what you want!" He was a shrewd-looking fellow.

"But I was speaking about Christmas," I replied. "You don't work for presents."

"Even for Christmas you have to chase after things you want, son. You never get something for nothing."

"I don't catch on, mister." I was up a tree. "How am I supposed to work for a free present?"

"For one thing," he said, pounding his open palm with his fist, like he was driving home a nail instead of a point, "you gotta deserve things. If you don't deserve anything, you won't get anything. You gotta work for your present."

"But gee, mister—how can—" Boy, he certainly had me all tangled up!

"Go out and earn your present, boy. Any way as long as it's honest! Do something good. A good deed is worth more than a solid gold elephant. Why don't you get out and do something worthwhile..."

"But I don't see how—"

The old man gave me the very dirtiest look a kindly character can muster. "You are by far the dumbest mortal that I've ever had the pleasure of sitting next to," said he, and waddled off, sort of angry.

I pondered over what the chubby old fellow had said. He was right, I decided. The next day I went out and practiced what the old man preached.

I got only a few presents for Christmas. I guess I started being good too late. It's funny, though—the card on the best gift said, "From Santa Claus."

Those Who Seek and Find

By Gertrude Giese

IT was a bleak winter's day. Five feet of snow covered the earth, but there was not the usual just-before-Christmas atmosphere about the little Russian village. In fact, Christmas was completely ignored this year, the reason being that there could not be a Christmas, nor had there been one last year. So it was, and so it had to be.

But the absence of Christmas was not the only thing that the villagers had had to become accustomed to. It was even more dreadful and unbearable to hear the thunder of the guns and to watch the earth being torn up by shells and bombs, and spurted like geysers into the air all over the valley. There were many more things, unmentionable things, which the poor folk spoke of only in terrified whispers and which made the absence of Christmas festivities an insignificant matter in the midst of so much devastation and death.

All day the bombers had been soaring overhead like huge birds darkening the sky. All day the villagers lay huddled together in the stone hole underground, which the few remaining men had prepared for such hideous occasions. The whole village was there, frightened and staring at the ceiling with wild, unseeing eyes. Over in the corner two peasants were talking.

"I wonder where our young friend is. So soon come, so soon gone."

"You do not know? Yesterday she received word from a messenger. She left immediately."

"You mean the messenger from the battle front? Oh, God! Who now?"

"Her brother, I believe."

"Poor girl! I know; yes, I know how it is. Dying on the battlefield! How horrible it is."

The peasant who spoke these words shuddered and turned away, closing the conversation silently.

* * * * *

That same day a peasant girl, young but bent with weariness, trudged along the road. "I must find him. I must find him," she thought, the words repeating themselves in monotonous rhythm with the fall of her footsteps. She had been travelling since early morning, and it seemed as if she could go no farther. Yet she pushed on, her legs stiff and aching.

A soldier lay unconscious in the thicket. He wore a blood-stained Russian uniform, and at his feet was a dark pool of blood. A stagnant, evil odor surrounded the thicket. From far off came the noise of battle, but the soldier lay unheeding.

Then there was the sound of footsteps and of weeping. The footsteps stopped for a brief instant, then began again, coming nearer. A figure appeared at the entrance to the thicket, and a weary, dishevelled girl groped her way forward. A look of surprise, joy and sadness flitted across her face, and she darted forward. Kneeling quickly beside the unconscious soldier, the girl buried her face in her dirty apron. Then, jerking her head up, she looked to the sky, praising her God.

"Oh God, how can I thank Thee? How can I thank Thee for leading my footsteps to him?"

Slowly the soldier opened his eyes. A smile of recognition crept over his face. "Sister," he sighed, and closed his eyes in contentment. No pain could hurt him now.

Joy filled the girl, and she spoke half to herself, half to her brother.

"Christmas! What is Christmas? Christmas is the joy of finding what one seeks. The shepherds and kings sought and found Jesus. I, also, sought and found."

December, 1943

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For Whom the Belles Swoon

By Jean C. May



I THINK Frank Sinatra has what it takes. He has been criticized and heckled more than any other singer. Yes, I know you think he's conceited. Put yourself in his place. If you had been making a fairly good salary and then, within a few months, were making five to ten thousand dollars a week, wouldn't it go to your head?

A certain teacher, who prefers to be known as Anonymous, said he'd get a blood transfusion if he were Mr. Sinatra. Miss Nagle just doesn't think where Frank Sinatra is concerned.

"I'll take Peter (not Pete) Soldato any day," says Miss Madden.

Unfortunately, Mr. Herrick cannot voice his opinion of Frank as he hasn't even heard him.

According to Bob Boland, the antidisestablishmentarianism of his vocal chords has not yet equalled that of Bing Crosby's. Irene Pompi disagrees with Bob whole-heartedly.

When asked what she thought of Sinatra, well, you've heard her. Olga Dondi says, "Ahh-h!" while Fred Klimetz just dreams of what the P. H. S. football team could do to him. "Too bad he's 1A," says Jim Tabor, but Jay Nagle (captain of the Lee High football team) says that that's the Army's hard luck. Dave Bates was afraid that the censor would object to printing his opinion, and Mary Miller doesn't think Frank can even keep up with Bing's horses. "You mean that utterly repulsive monstrosity?" was Jane Howard's comment.

This tall, round-shouldered, lanky crooner sends the lady fans out of this world. Those bright colored bow ties and that rumpled hair give him a school-boy appearance. (No offense intended, boys). I'll admit he has a good voice but I see no need to go wild over him. Remember girls:

Sinatras may come,
Sinatras may go,
But Crosby goes on forever!

CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Betty Burgess

I'm dreaming of the first Christmas
Just like the one so long ago,

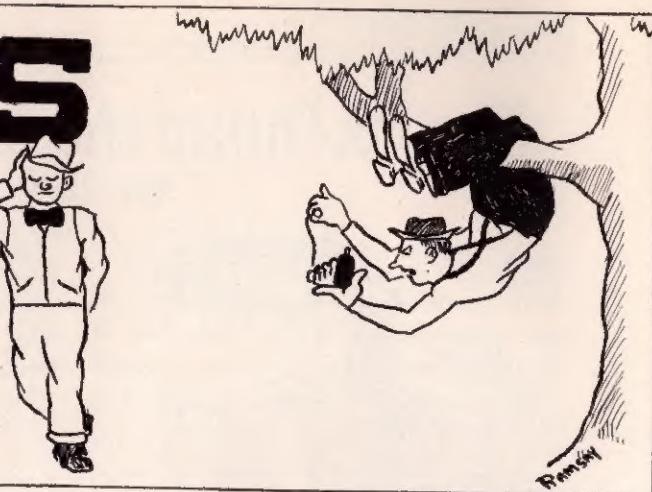
When the Great Star glistened
As the shepherds listened
To hear the angels singing low.

I'm living in today's Christmas,—
In a world of hate and war,

But church bells ringing
And church choirs singing
Tell us that peace will come once more.

I'm dreaming of tomorrow's Christmas,
When joy and friends we'll know again;
With all fear vanished
And all hate banished,
There'll be "peace, good will to all men."

WHO'S WHO



HELEN BEAUCHEMIN

THE UNCONQUERABLE GREEK

Here, girls, is Jimmie Garivaltis, captain of our basketball team and triple threat in the County Basketball League. He not only stars on the court, but he's an expert at ping pong and pool. His favorite dish is spaghetti with meat balls as served at the Hub restaurant. Jimmie's chief ambition is to don the blue of Uncle Sam's navy and become a regular sea-going sailor.



JAMES GARIVALTIS

OUR DEAREST VICE

Step right up, folks, and gaze upon this peppy lady, who is first vice-president of the Class of '44, a member of Alpha-Hi-Y, and the Victory Corps. She is quite a sports fan, a lover of both boys' and girls' athletic activities. The mention, sight, or smell of chocolate, apple pie, and turkey sets her mouth "awaterin'". Sorry, boys, her chief interest is with the Navy, her main topic of conversation. Someday Helen hopes to be secretary to the Big Boss. When you reach Washington, Helen, we'll expect to have dinner at the White House.

TAKE A LETTER, PLEASE

Presenting Ann Fairfield, capable secretary of the Senior Class. Ann is also chairman of that efficient committee which so attractively decorated our Christmas Tree. Language and history are her favorite subjects. Any time you want to treat her, a good suggestion would be a "hot fudge sundae." Although she likes all branches of the services, she is partial to the Air Corps. Harry James is tops with her, and does Ann love to dance! (Take notice boys?)



ANN FAIRFIELD

OPRETTE CHAIRMAN

This young senior is Dick Carpenter, general chairman of the operetta. He lives, dreams and eats operetta. But on the sideline, he is on the watch for a Brown-Eyed Susan and more Thanksgiving dinners. His favorite subject is science and his favorite teacher, good old Mr. Herberg.



RICHARD CARPENTER

SUPERMAN

Pete Arlos weighs two hundred and five pounds and stands six feet three inches in the clouds. Pete has made good use of these physical characteristics. He was captain of our highly successful football team and was named All Berkshire tackle. Pete is also a prominent member of our basketball team and was high scorer in the P. H. S.-Williams-town game. His hobbies are ping pong, pool, and brunettes, but he especially likes a good piece of cake. Well, girls, take a hint,—start cooking.



PETER ARLOS

Calling All Hepcats

By Barbara Dean

GATHER 'round all you music lovers. Class has begun. The school year started with a rush of new and very popular music. Every war is bound to bring forth a burst of talent from "Tin Pan Alley" and although no great war song has been written as yet, most certainly the song writers have proved that their talent is not fading.

Strictly on the beam is "Pistol Packin' Mama," a cute little ditty going over with a bang. Although it is hard to obtain at present, there will be a large supply of this record in stock soon.

An old tune with a catchy melody is "Paper Doll." Written about forty years ago, it seems to be regaining its old popularity through the singing voice of Barry Wood.

From the musical hit, "Dixie," we have "Sunday, Monday, or Always," number one on the Hit Parade, and "If You Please." These songs are sung especially well by "The Crooner," Bing Crosby. Also under the title of popular musicals is "Oklahoma." From this, "People Will Say We're in Love," "Oklahoma," and "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" are the most popular and are increasing daily in popularity. "People Will Say We're in Love" is number two on the Hit Parade as we go to print. From the great stage and screen hit, "This Is The Army," we have quite a list of hit songs. Some of the newer tunes are "With My Head in the Clouds," "American Eagles," "This Time is the Last Time," "What Does He Look Like," "That Russian Winter" and "What the Well Dressed Man in Harlem Will Wear."

And now, fans, comes Frank ("The Swooner") Sinatra, the current singing sensation and idol of thousands of women and high school girls all over the country. He is young and neither tall nor handsome, but his

soft, soothing voice with a tinge of sincerity and sadness has sung its way to fame such as no singer has known since the days of Rudy Vallee back in 1929. Currently the favorite Sinatra recordings are "All or Nothing at All," "I Heard You Cried Last Night," "She's Funny That Way," and "You'll Never Know." Harry James, his famous trumpet, and "ork" really go to town on these tunes.

Something just a little bit different: two recordings by the "Pine Top Smith's Boogie Woogie Piano." These tunes were called to my attention by one of P.H.S.'s hepcats who knows a little bit more than most of us about Boogie Woogie, and these tunes are really "in the groove."

Two snappy polkas for you polka lovers are "Dark Forest Polka" and the "Victory Polka" by the "Polka Kings" who are, as their name implies, kings of the polka orchestra.

Newcomers to the ranks of popular songs are "How Sweet You Are" introduced in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" and sung by Dinah Shore, Queen of Songsters; "I'm Riding For a Fall," a new song very rapidly climbing the ladder of popularity, and "Do You Know." Not brand new, but still popular are "It's Always You," "Put Your Arms Around Me," "In My Arms." The rollickin' rhythms of these songs are guaranteed to set your feet to dancing.

In the line of jive and I do mean jive, we have "Tain't No Good," a really solid song given a solid rendition by Teddy Powell and his super orchestra. Contrary to its title, this disc is one you just can't miss. So roll up the rugs, and get ready to go to town for a snappy rug-cuttin' jam session 'til class begins again next month.



IA

Our own Mr. Lawrence J. Murphy left us December 17th for the United States Army. He was very popular as a history and science teacher, and also as a band leader. Unless he takes over for General McArthur, we hope he'll soon be back in 305, teaching us our 'readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic!'

P. H. S. vs ARMY

Our machines and electricity will just have to do the best they can while Mr. William Hayes serves Uncle Sam. He reported December 15th at Camp Devens, much to the regret and envy of all. We wish you the best of luck, Mr. Hayes, in your new and courageous work.

SENIORS IN THE SERVICE

By Bill Troy

Private Nelson Wright and Private Alvah Emerson of the Army, Private Roger Discoe of the Infantry, Private Stanley Reder of the Air Corps, and Richard Patriquin A.S. of the Navy were the first members of the Class of 1944 to enter the service.

The first enlistee was Private Nelson Wright, who left for Devens the thirtieth of September. He is now stationed at Camp Croft, North Carolina.

Private Discoe went to Springfield with the October seventh draft group and was accepted for the Army. He left for Fort Devens

the fourteenth and shortly after was shipped to Camp Croft, North Carolina, an Infantry Training Unit. He has already won the Marksman Bar in rifle shooting.

Private Reder passed Aviation Cadet Board Examinations and was sworn into the Air Corps, October second. He left for active duty November thirtieth.

Apprentice Seaman Patriquin was sworn into the Navy, November twenty-third when he went to Springfield with the draft contingent. He left for Sampson Naval Training Station the following week.

On November seventeenth Alvah Emerson went to Springfield with the Adams Draft Board group. He entered the Army at Fort Devens, December first.

Nelson Wright and Richard Patriquin were taking the College Preparatory Course at P. H. S., both Stanley Reder and Roger Discoe were General Course students, and Alvah Emerson was in the Machine Shop Course.

TREE COMMITTEE

This year, as all other years, Pittsfield High will have a Christmas tree. Anne Fairfield heads the following committee for decorating it: Mary Altobelli, Charlotte Appleton, Edna Federico, Virginia DeWitt, Richard Humphrey, Richard Howes, John Sanford, Lois Spellios, Jennie Ropeleski, Evelyn Olaney, Aileen Farrell.

OPERETTA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

The chorus and orchestra for "The Gondoliers" are as follows:

Violins—Barbara Lind, Concert Mistress; Robert Quattrochi, Joseph Pizzonia, Dolores Clark, Ruth Smith, Lucille Roberts, Alice Giese, Marjorie Holly, Barbara Krause, Nancy Reynolds; **Cello**—Arlene Goldstein; **Oboe**—John Zarvis; **Bassoon**—Alvin Markey; **Drums**—David Dalzell; **Flutes**—Lois Youngs, David Bates, Richard LaSorsa; **Clarinets**—Marilyn Miner, Robert Gibbs, Jr.; **Cornets**—James Roser, David Powell; **Horns**—Marilyn Cooper, Grace Hough; **Trombones**—Richard Smith, Edward Rosen; **Opera Accompanist**—Elaine Pasburgh.

CHORUS

Sopranos: Marion Clark, Frances Clauson, Carolyn Cole, Louise Costine, Jacqueline Couture, Frances Dillard, Theresa Gauvreau, Constance Leonard, Theda Litridis, Patricia McConkey, Christine Martin, Rose Mazzacco, Mildred Mcntelone, Gladys Nicholson, Barbara Peer, Martha Radke, Virginia Roberts, Ernestine Trotter, Carol Trzcinka; **Altos**—Florence Bushey, Joan Byrne, Anita Camille, Mary Jane Carrow, Elizabeth Dickson, Olga Dondi, Betty Elworthy, Betty Lou Gater, Jeanne McClellan, Priscilla Maynard, Josephine Nugent, Alice O'Meara, Muriel Pringle, Elinor Shipton, Barbara Smith, Barbara Sprague, Rosemarie Weisse; **Tenors**—Harry Fuhrman, Gerald Goodman, William Humphrey, Richard Hames, John Sanford and Louis Spellios.

Alpine McArthur, Joseph Savery, David Coleman, Charlotte Leidhold, Marjorie Parish, Lois Tufts, Keith Tanner.

Florence Gomes, chairman of the Publicity Committee, will be assisted by the following: Jessie Mae Barnes, Anita Camili, Madelaine Cullen, Elizabeth Dickson, Agnes Eulian, Aileen Farrell, Patricia McKeever, Ruth Smith, Paul Feldman, Howard Chenfeld, Robert Boland, Russel Stokes, Romeo Paperio, Richard Howes, Frank Nascimento.

Marilyn Miner and Henry Williams were elected co-chairmen of the committee issuing tickets. On their committee are: Helen Hodecker, Ruth Parker, Shirley Alexander, Marian Andrews, Teresa Parrieri, Mary Ellen Bryan, Betsy Ann Gray, Barbara Lind, Jeanne LaRouche, Ralph Brown, Constance Leonard, Reginald Harrison, Kenneth Perkins, George Allen, Anthony Virgilio, Robert Landers, Leslie deWitt, John Henry, John Volin, Robert Bierweith.

William Christensen will be chairman of the Stage Committee; Richard Shipton of Doormen, and Shirley Jarvie, chairman of Usherettes. As yet no committee members have been selected for each of these.

SENIOR NOTES

Anne Fairfield has been appointed Chairman of the Christmas Tree Committee. She has chosen the following students to assist her: Mary Altobeli, Charlotte Appleton, Edna Fedrico, Virginia De Witt, Richard Humphrey, Richard Hames, John Sanford and Louis Spellios.

Eileen Farrell has been appointed Chairman of the Honor Roll Committee. Jennie Ropelewski and Evelyn Olanie will assist her. The purpose of this committee is to provide an honor roll for the boys who enter the service from the class of '44'.

CAPS AND GOWNS

Measurements for caps and gowns will be taken the 13th of January.

Lois Youngs has chosen these students to serve on her Program Committee: Jacqueline Couture, Edna Federico, William Marlow,

December, 1943

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The Gondoliers

By Anita Camilli

Colorful is the best adjective to describe "The Gondoliers"—the operetta sponsored by our Senior class which is to be presented in February.

The music alone, is colorful. Its rhythmic, lilting music will make your heart beat, and your feet tap just a wee bit faster. You will soon be humming its catchy tunes.

The beautiful scenery, gay costumes, and lively dancing transforms the stage into a panorama of old Venice. The country maidens, binding red and white roses into huge bouquets, the gondola, which—believe it or not—floats gracefully on to the stage, manned by the two gondoliers, the brilliant costumes of the Duke and Duchess of Blaza Toro—these are only a few of the attractions that will thrill you.



The dancing is superb. The famous Cachucha, with its gay Spanish rhythm, is the best known dance of the operetta. The swirling, gay-colored skirts catch the eye in their happy motion as the dancers sway and

turn and pirouette in time with the lilting tunes. All in all, the dancing in "The Gondoliers" is one of its outstanding features.

The seniors are bending all their energies these days to making the operetta a success. Richard Carpenter has been chosen General Chairman, and the chairmen of the sub-committees are as follows: Program, Lois Youngs; Publicity, Florence Gomes; Stage, William Christianson; Tickets, Henry Williams and Marilyn Miner; Ushers, Shirley Jarvie; Doormen, Richard Shipton.

And here are the members of the cast:

Marco	Richard Carpenter
Guiseppe	David Coleman
Luiz (drummer)	Douglas Butler
Grand Inquisitor	Don Alahambra Bolero
	Earl Proper
Duke of Blaza Toro	Christopher Barrecca
Antonio	Donald Reed
Duchess of Blaza Toro	Ilene Costello
Casilda (daughter of the Duke)	Evelyn Taintor
Contadine Gianett	Lois Kiligas
Tessa	Florence Gomes
Fiamitta	Evelyn Seagrave
Vittoria	Carolyn Cole
Giulia	Christine Martin
Inez	Theresa Gauvreau

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

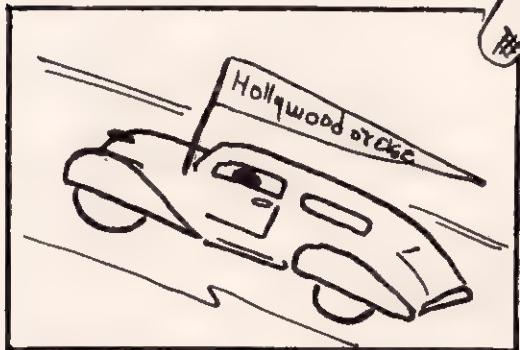
The publicity committee of the operetta, The Gondoliers, has offered two reserve seat tickets for the best poster contributed and two general admission tickets for the second best. For further information on what to include on your poster, see Florence Gomes, publicity committee chairman. Attention all artists and "would be" artists of P. H. S.! Don't miss this opportunity to employ your talent. The contest closes January 4, 1944.



Miss Davison + Mr. Herberg -
The Xmas issue of the "Pen".



Mister Herrick - To go
skiing in Vermont.



Mr. Hennessy - An automobile
trip to Hollywood.



Miss Jordan - An automatic
angle-bisector.



To the Sophomore Girls - none
other than DROOPERMAN



Miss Millet - A French student
who can say more than "Oui".

Santa's Christmas Stocking

LOOKING around the corridors of old P. H. S. as Christmas approaches, we find that many of our teachers have some interesting Christmas lists. Here are a few of them.

MISS BEAHAN—Less things to do and more time to do them.

MR. REYNOLDS—A 100% class in everything.

MISS MILLET—French students whose vocabularies extend beyond, "Oui, mademoiselle."

MISS JORDAN—An automatic, self-adjusting angle bisector.

MR. HERRICK—A week's vacation in Vermont.

MISS CASEY—A War Stamp selling machine, with a recorded sales talk.

MR. HERBERG—The Christmas issue of THE PEN.

MR. GEARY—Peace and quiet.

MISS MORSE—100% stamp sales at the first collection each month.

MISS KALIHER—Vitamin Pills for stupid pupils.

MRS. WIGGENHAUSER—A just Peace.

MISS CONLON—Rubber milk bottles for the cafeteria.

MR. HENNESSY—An automobile trip to Hollywood over the Christmas holidays.

MISS KENNEDY—Peace for the world.

MISS DALY—The end of the war.

MISS RHODES—A good memory.

MISS DAVISON—A STUDENT'S PEN.

MISS VIGER—A custom-built, 1944 Packard sedan.

MR. KRIGER—The rest of my department without draftees for the rest of the year.

MISS PARKER—A soundproof office.

MR. MORAN—A cure for absenteeism.

MISS NUGENT—Built-in floodlights, so I can see when I get up mornings.

LIBRARY NEWS

Again this year the members of the Library Club have set up a circulation library table. It operates three days a week during lunch period. The following girls have charge of it: Helen Zalenski, Janice Selkowitz, Barbara Ingalls, Helen Bertelli. They select the books, which include many of the current best sellers. Books may be borrowed from the table, but must be returned to the library, Room 227. Everyone should make use of the privileges offered by this circulation library table. Make it a point to borrow a good book from the table today!

The following represent but few of many best sellers in your library:

"George Washington Carver" by Rockham Holt, "Love at First Flight" by Spalding and Carney, "By Your Leave, Sir" by Helen Jacobs, "The Short History of Chinese" by Mary Nourse, "The House Between" by Ethel Porter, "Learning to Navigate" by Weems and Eberle, "The Pacific is My Boat" by Keith Wheeler, "Excuse My Dust" by Bellamy Partridge, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" by Betty Smith, "But Gently Day" by Robert Nathan.

RADIO GUILD

The P. H. S. Radio Guild has chosen its officers and settled down to work for the coming year. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Joyce are its advisers, and the list of officers is as follows: President, James Ross; 1st Vice-President, Robert Boland; 2nd Vice-President, Elinor Bonin; Secretary, Barbara Cushing; Treasurer, William Troy; Director, Lois Burke.

R. G. broadcasts over WBRK every Friday night at 8.15, dramatizing modern short stories, comedies, and fantasies. Despite notices to the contrary which have been appearing on the school bulletin, students are advised to listen in at that time each week for an enjoyable fifteen minutes.

TOWN CRIER

By J. H.

We picked up the local newspaper one night recently only to discover that Bob Boland was among the list of pre-Pearl Harbor fathers about to be drafted. "The Eagle" really owes you an apology, Bob!

In case you see a pair of legs marching down the hall at any time of day, it's just Kenny Whitney carrying "Big Bertha" to band practice!

Miss Nagle is still wondering in which cheering section she will sit when P. H. S. plays Lee this year. Don't let your nephew get the best of you, Miss Nagle!

Olga Dondi was seen recently, with something tall, something dark, in something blue! Oh, these sailors!!

Ray Hampson is the proud possessor of a little blue book. Any girl in this high school with a change of address or telephone number, please get in touch with Mr. Hampson immediately.

Who was that little man that Mr. Geary chased around the table one lunch period? One would think that the algebra teacher was really angry at the boy's knocking on the table after someone dropped a bottle of milk, except for the huge grin on his face! (Incidentally don't ever try it—Mr. Geary doesn't always grin!)

CLASS RINGS

Three hundred sixty-three rings have been ordered by the Senior Class. It has been announced that no more can be obtained because of the material and labor shortage.

PICTURES FOR YEAR BOOK

Robert Quattrochi has been appointed chairman of the Picture Committee. Pictures for the Year Book will be taken December 27th and January 3rd.

THE DREAM

By Lois Burke

Quiet had settled on the town
The eve of Christmas Day,
And from the window of a house
A candle cast its ray.

Within the house a mother sat—
Quiet, calm, serene;
But in her hands a telegram
Belied the peaceful scene.

"The government regrets to state . . ."
How few those words! How bare!
When all her life—her very soul,
Lay crushed before her there.

Her husband dead, and now her son
Killed on a foreign shore.
Too quickly came the awful thought,
"I'll see him—nevermore!"

The girl awoke—it was a dream—
A queer one, too—so clear!
Her mother's face, her brother's name!
But her brother was still near.

When morning dawned, and 'neath the tree
Appeared a Christmas check,
She thought of skis, and skates, and all
The things that she might get.

But, suddenly, before her eyes
Appeared the mother's face.
She saw the fateful telegram,
And the dream had served its place.

Why should she think of gaiety?
What fun was it to ski
When brothers, cousins, sweethearts, friends,
Died that she might be free?

A moment's thought! A second's pause,
And then the path was clear.
She bought another war bond.
Will you do as well this year?



PITTSFIELD 49—BENNINGTON 17

Disgusting, Isn't It?

By Donald Morey

P. H. S. students are more merciful than Coach Stewart's basketball team! (Shame on you boys!) The spectators salvaged little enjoyment from such a one-sided affair as the Bennington-Pittsfield basketball game of Friday, December 10, 1943. Win or lose, a close game with an abundance of thrills is an evening considered well spent by a true basketball addict.

The Bennington-P. H. S. farce was wholly lacking in thrills (unless one watched the cheer leaders!) and as the score truthfully indicates, the game was not especially close.

The score at the quarter was 11-0 in favor of P. H. S., and it was 21-2 at the intermission. The visitors rallied and trailed 35-12 at the start of the final period. When the smoke of battle had cleared, the home team was on the long end of a 49-17 verdict.

To say the game (and I use the term loosely) was a rout, would be a mild understatement. Pittsfield definitely was more experienced and outclassed the Vermonters from the start. Emil Fontana and George Ditmar with 14 and 11 points respectively, led the onslaught. At no time was the outcome of the contest in doubt.

I believe a pair of girls' basketball teams could have provided the spectators with a more interesting game, had they been scheduled for the Armory that evening.

P. H. S. rooters must not be too enthusiastic over this victory by our side. Bennington could hardly be classified as a favorite in a contest with the P. H. S. faculty. (Ow! I put my foot in it that time!)

P. H. S. DEFEATED

By William Zalenski

In the opening hoop contest of the season an injury-riddled P. H. S. quintet went down to a 25-21 defeat at the hands of a veteran Williamstown five. The defeat, however, showed one thing; that is that P. H. S. would undoubtedly be the number one team in the league again, for Williamstown with its veterans and with at least a month of practise behind them, did not look too impressive in squeezing out a victory over a team whose lineup consisted of three inexperienced (scholastically) players, and whose star was forced to sit on the bench for about half of the game, while still another would-be regular sat in the stands. Thus, I believe it is safe to assume that after the Christmas vacation, Pittsfield will be at full strength and their opponents will be in for busy evenings.

The game was played before a large crowd at the State Armory. Hart, Williamstown's sensational guard started the festivities with a long set shot. Arlos and Garivaltis then proceeded to register a pair of baskets and a pair of foul shots, respectively to put P. H. S.

into a short-lived 6-2 lead for Hart once again found the range and added two more baskets. Although P. H. S. led at the end of the first quarter by a 9-8 score and increased it to 12-8 soon after the second quarter began, Williamstown, thanks to a series of breaks overcame the margin. The big break was that Jimmy Garivaltis, aggressive captain, had to be taken out because of a pain in his side. After his departure Williamstown scored seven straight points to take a 15-12 lead. P. H. S. managed to cut it down to 17-16 at the half but couldn't regain the lead.

The second half was a complete reversal from the high scoring first two caskets. The contest settled into a defensive one with Williamstown freezing the ball every time they got their hands on it. Instead of trying to work the ball in they would dribble and pass it around in the backcourt and then try a long shot. As a result of this stalling only six points were scored in the third period and seven in the last frame. The second half looked more like a football game with the players continually banging into each other fighting for possession of the ball. Thus, as the hands of the clock wound their way around to the contest's end, Williamstown whooped off the court the victor by 25-21.

The outstanding player on the court was Williamstown's Bill Hart, who scored eleven points and was superb on passing and defense. However, while he was in there, Jimmy Garivaltis played Hart to a standstill and had he been in there more you would have seen a different final score and a different victorious team. Tony Meledeo and Pete Arlos also played well. Arlos led the P. H. S. scorers with seven points.

P.H.S. ALL-BERKSHIRE SELECTIONS

By William Zalenski

During the past football season many P. H. S. athletes were given All-Berkshire ratings. This article is designed to tell a little about those who have been so rewarded for their gridiron efforts. They are as follows: PETE ARLOS—Senior: Was P. H. S.'s acting captain. The biggest player in the county, weighing two hundred-eight pounds and standing six feet, four inches, Arlos was the terror all season. Although opposing teams avoided his position as much as possible he still managed to make several tackles. Was not only named All-Berkshire tackle, but was also given that position on the All-Western Massachusetts eleven.

TONY MELEDEO—Senior: After serving with the scrubs last year, Meledeo blossomed out in full bloom the past season. Backed up the P. H. S. line and when an opposing back came his way, Tony was usually there to slam him down to earth. He was easily the outstanding snapper-back in the county.

RODNEY BROWN—Senior: The most improved player in the county Brown was the best all around back in this sector. He had peers in some departments, but no other player could kick, run, pass on a whole as well as he could. Led the county in intercepted passes, touchdown passes, kicked the only field goal of the season, and booted five extra points. Not bad for a guy with high blood pressure.

These were the three men selected on the first team. Two players, Al Bianchi and Ernest Zaik, guard and tackle respectively, were named on the second team with several other players receiving honorable mention. These included Manuel Gomes, Francis Senger, John McColgan, Pete Soldato and Eddie Paris.

To these boys THE PEN says, "Congratulations!"

A Close-Up of Coach Stewart

By William Zalenski

COACH STEWART first came into the local coaching limelight as mentor of major sports at St. Joseph's High School in 1920. While there, he achieved a goal which few of his successors have been able to attain—a St. Joe's football victory over P. H. S.

In 1929 Coach Stewart left St. Joseph's and came over to P. H. S. and began to coach major sports when Mr. Carmody became director of physical education. Under Mr. Stewart's tutelage the athletic combines of Pittsfield High School were built up to a point where they had to be reckoned with. As a result, all of their opponents began to point for P. H. S., thus making Coach Stewart's job an extremely difficult one.

During his long stay at Pittsfield High, the Coach has turned out some unsuccessful teams, but a check over the records will reveal that the majority of his combines were of first class caliber and a large part of them championship teams.

Let us all wish him success for the future and hope that he will continue his able coaching and turn out many more championship teams. Yes, indeed, when Coach Stewart is old and gray he can proudly say when P. H. S. teams are being talked about, "I coached that team!"

Good luck, Coach Stewart!

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

The following is a tentative schedule for basketball at P. H. S. for the 1943-44 season. Dec. 3, Williamstown at Pittsfield; Dec. 10, Bennington at Pittsfield; Dec. 17, Pittsfield at Dalton; Jan. 7, Pittsfield at Drury; Jan. 12, Adams at Pittsfield; Jan. 14, Pittsfield at St. Joseph's (P); Jan. 21, St. Joseph's (NA) at

Pittsfield; Jan. 26, Pittsfield at Williamstown; Jan. 28, Pittsfield at Bennington; Feb. 2, Dalton at Pittsfield; Feb. 4, Drury at Pittsfield; Feb. 11, Pittsfield at Adams; Feb. 15, St. Joseph's (P) at Pittsfield; Feb. 18, Pittsfield at St. Joseph's (NA); Feb. 25, St. Joseph's (P) at Pittsfield.

Three dates are given for the city series with St. Joseph's (P), but if either school wins the first two games, the third encounter will not be played. Undoubtedly, the Armory will be the scene of the series.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

In the estimation of most people, this year's football team was very good. Let's see what some of the pupils think:

PHIL BUCK—Pretty good, that's all.

DONALD BROVERMANN—Big improvement.

MARILYN GERLACH—Not bad!!

CAROLE HOLDEN—Well!!!!

PHYLLIS WELCH—Sizzoooo.

CONSTANCE GOMES—Wonderful!

ED TOOLEY—What team?

SHIRLEY HARRINGTON—Hot stuff.

GINNY ROTH—I think it's tops.

PETE GIFTOS—The best of courage.

CARMINA FILIPPI—The best team I ever saw.

DICK WELCH—Doggone good.

JAY CORRINETT—Started late.

GUS ARPANTE—Too bad they started late.

JACK SHEA—Not bad.

DORIS LAY—Best in years.

KAY CONNORS—They're all tops in anybody's language.

LENARD PARENT—Best in years.

JIM HORTH—Better than last year!

NAP REID—Superb!

JANET DEMICK—It was all right!!

CARMINA ZOFFREA—Super colossal!

BILL TROY—Great!

MIKE SPRING—Darn good!

HELEN WILBER—I liked it. Didn't you?

BOB MAY—Pretty good.

BARBARA DEAN—Perfect!!!

DAVE THOMPSON—O. K.



By Mary Curtin and Betsy-Ann Gray

Halt! I mean, Hell-o! Here we are again with a new group of Service Men whom I am sure you all know. First on our list is:

KEN FERRY, A.S., U.S.N.R.

V-12 Program

Williams College

Williamstown, Mass.

Ken's desire has finally been granted. Recently home on leave, this sailor with wings went to our school football games and cheered louder than anyone else. If you want to see him beam in delight, just say, "Hey Sailor!"

A S HOWARD JACOBS

32 College Training Detachment

Air Crew, Squad E.

Dickinson College (Old East)

Carlisle, Penn.

Jake was transferred from the army to the army air corps (to his great joy). When he arrived in Penn. and found he was to be stationed at a co-ed college, he rushed to the telephone and called his girl in Pittsfield. He still wonders why she preferred he stay in the uncomfortable barracks. After all, it's so nice there.

PVT. HENRY P. MELEVECK 527427

Co. D, M.C.S., T.R.A.B.N.

Quantico, Va.

Henry's first and only leave was in the latter part of August. He was stationed at

Parris Island for his basic training. Henry is so enthused with the Marines that he continually sends home gifts with large Marine insignia on them.

P.F.C. WALTER TROY

797 F.S.O.

Northington General Hospital

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Well, whom do we have here but Walter Troy, brother of the one and only Billy Troy. Walter does medical work in the Northington General Hospital, and during the course of his work talks with many boys who have seen action and are patients. Walt's girl is a nurse. They love to daze their friends by talking together in medical words which must include every letter in the alphabet.

A C EDGARD W. JANSEN

Squadron C, Section 5

N.A.A.C.

Nashville, Tenn.

Ed has completed his ten months' training and is now a full fledged air cadet. He has been classified as a pilot. He likes nothing more than to spend an evening talking about flying and how wonderful it is. He claims when the war is over he is going to buy a plane of his own and teach his girl to fly. How about it, Carole?

December, 1943

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AL DANIELS. A.S.S., No. 649886
Company 30, U.S. Coast Guard Training
Station
Manhattan Beach
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Al Daniels is our seventeen year old Coast Guard veteran of two months. He is very enthusiastic about the Coast Guard and writes that he is "working hard and getting up early."

ROY WILSON, U. S. M. C.

Roy Wilson who has recently finished his basic training as a Marine has recently been sent to a special school in Chicago. Roy was home a month ago and enjoyed telling the hair-raising experiences of his buddies and their beloved (?) Sergeant. Ace jitterbug, he was seen demonstrating new hot steps that he claimed he learned from a boy, just back from Africa, who had learned from his Colonel, who had learned them from Moo-Hoo, a native girl.

C. FREDERICK LYON, 31348779
M.P. Co. S.S.C. Hotel Buckminster
Boston, Mass.

We must grow them strong and capable at P.H.S. for here we have another M.P. Fred has been connected with the Army Military Police since he completed his six weeks' basic training at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt. He has also earned for his ability with the rifle and revolver, the marksman's medal and the sharpshooter's medal respectively.

PVT. WILLIAM B. PALMER, A.S.N. 31346251

Btry. A.F.A. APO 15023

c/o Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.

Bill enlisted in the Army April 1, 1943 and was inducted April 29. He reported to Fort Bragg, North Carolina where he took basic training in the Field Artillery. He was at Bragg for four months before he was shipped to Fort George G. Meade, Md. for further training. After four weeks at Meade, Bill, who was co-captain elect of this year's football team, was sent out,—destination unknown.

EDWARD J. BUSHEY

U.S.S. Straub

c/o Fleet Post Office

New York City, N. Y.

Seaman Bushey has been in the Navy five months—since July 26 to be exact. He completed his boot training at Sampson, N. Y. and then attended Gunnery School at Norfolk, Va. for four weeks. Eddie, who played a great deal of baseball, is now batting the Axis, for today he is out of the country on his first mission,—a successful one we're sure.

The Adventures of Drooperman

By Paul Feldman and Robert Boland



After a hard day of saving sophomores from drowning in the seas surrounding the drinking fountains, Drooperman relaxes in his easy chair to read "The Beagle". "Sophs Not to Get Xmas Presents," the headlines scream.

Jumping to his feet, he shouts, "Thith ith a job for Drooperman!"



Leaning on the North Pole, Drooperman confers with Santa. "Have the presents here by December 23," says Mr. Claus, "and I'll deliver them free of charge."

"Thankth, Thanta, I'll have 'em," cries our hero. "And now, I'm off!"

"You certainly are," mumbles Santa as Drooperman returns to civilization and a hot chocolate.



"Ugh," pants he of the gelatin-like muscles, "my neck ith thore. I with I had some Johnthon's Baby Powder. By Herberg! only five theconds left. I'd better take thome of my thuper-dynamic electro-plated A to Z vitamin pillth. (He gulps them down.) Ah! that 'th better."

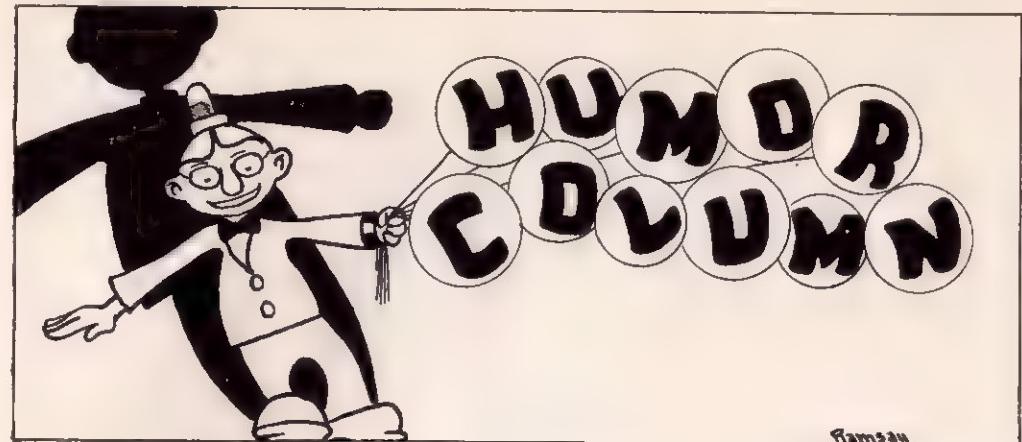


Christmas morning. A little sophomore, who still believes that school isn't so bad after all, discovers her gifts.

"Oh, mommy, look!" she cries. "See what Santa brought me!"

"What is it, darling?"

"A whole half pint of ozonated water with my own initialed paper cup to drink it from! And the card attached says, 'From Drooperman!'"



Mr. Herberg (during a safety lecture): "I was shot through the leg when I was a kid."

Junior: "Have a scar?"

"No, thanks," answered Mr. Herberg, "I don't smoke."

Miss Kalisher (referring to the English philosopher Sir Francis Bacon): "What would you associate with Bacon?"

Bill Troy: "Fried eggs."

It was late in the afternoon. A loud crash resounded throughout the corridor. Miss Rhodes ran to her door to learn the cause of the racket and discovered Mr. Leahy tangled up with microscopes, bunsen burners, thistle-tubes, and test tubes.

"Oh, you poor man!" cried Miss Rhodes. "Have an accident?"

"No, thanks," replied the chemistry prof, "I just had one."

ANOTHER WAR CASUALTY

A certain senior was walking down the corridor yesterday and mumbling sadly: "There, I just get Mr. Hayes all paid up to give me an A next time, and the Army drafts him."

Mr. Leahy (giving safety lecture): "In New York City a man is run over by a car every ten minutes."

Vera L. (admiringly): "Gee, he must be strong!"

A HOT LINE

A senior in one of the study halls (before the teacher entered) picked up the receiver of the room phone. When the party at the other end answered, the senior began to sound off bitterly about what was wrong with P. H. S.

When he had finished, the voice on the other end asked: "Do you know who this is?"

Before the senior could answer, the voice said: "This is Mr. Strout, the principal."

The senior swallowed hard, recovered himself with a mighty effort, and asked, "But Mr. Strout, do you know who this is?"

"No," replied Mr. Strout abruptly.

"Thank heaven for that!" breathed the senior, and clicked the receiver on the hook.

An aeronautics student was looking over our new airplane. Suddenly he jumped and screamed, "Eeeah! Gremlins!" Then he pointed at the alleged gremlin. Mr. Herberg told the student to kindly remove the pointing finger from his eye.

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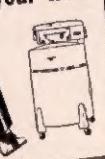
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(This item was taken from the "Eagle"
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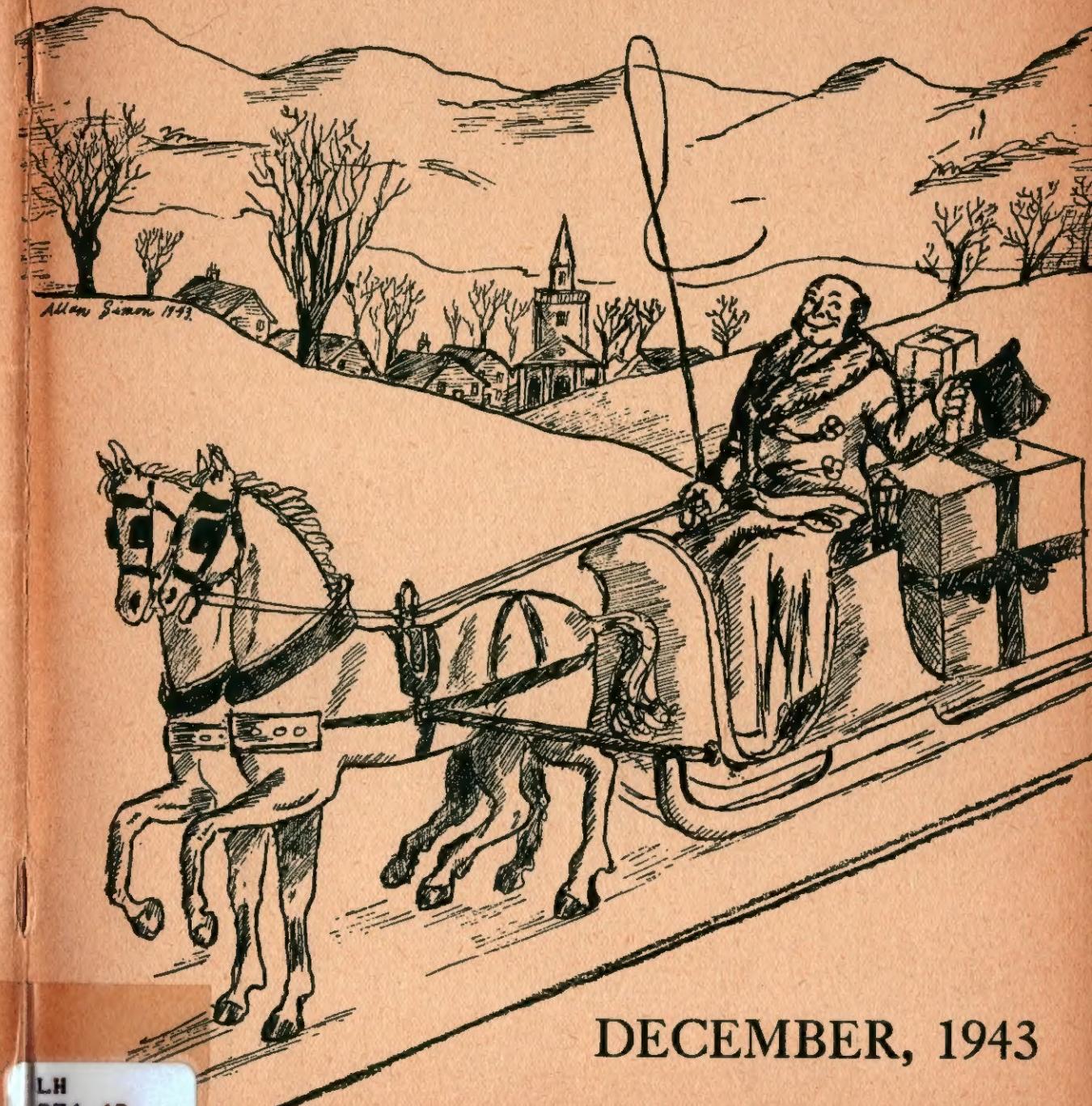
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